

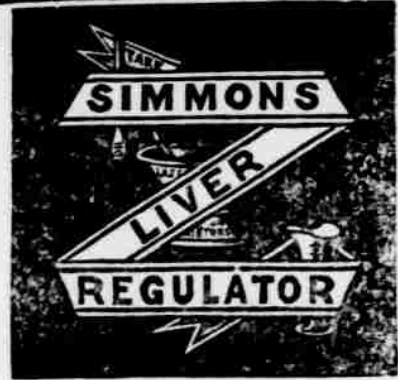
A Wild Montana Story.

Anaconda Standard: Len Henry, a well-known pioneer, relates an adventure that is out of the usual order. He was traveling on a narrow trail above the raging Grande Ronde river, when he came to a landslide about twenty feet across that left no trail or even a niche in the smooth, precipitous rock. The trail was so narrow that the horse could not turn back. He was trapped. Above the twenty-foot break in the trail was a sharp crag of rock. On his saddle bow was a strong riata sixty feet long, and Harry was an expert in the use of it. He steadied himself upon the saddle, swung the rope over his head and hurled it high in the air. It settled firmly over the crag. He tried it carefully. It was firm. His saddle was a new and strong one, with double cinches. Around the horn he wound the rope. He urged the horse on to the edge of the precipice.

The faithful beast stood firm. He would not step over, but the rider drew up the slack and pulled with all his power. Inch by inch he drew the straining horse forward until his feet slipped and he swung over the chasm. The rider held his breath as he looked at the river below and the slender rope above, but he was across the gap. He sprang up the trail and tugged at the reins to aid the horse in gaining his feet. He pulled and the horse lunged up into the trail with the chasm back behind him. Mr. Henry rode away and left his rope dangling for the use of the next wayfarer who chanced to come that way.

The republicans need not be prating about international bimetalism. The democratic party is going to be honest and stand either for the gold standard or for independent free coinage of silver. In either case it will not let the republicans pursue their usual shuffling and snaky course.—K. C. Times.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cts per box. For sale by H. L. Tucker, druggist.



THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE

is SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR—Don't forget to take it. The Liver gets sluggish during the Winter, just like all nature, and the system becomes choked up by the accumulated waste, which brings on Malaria, Fever and Ague and Rheumatism. You want to wake up your Liver now, but be sure you take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR to do it. It also regulates the Liver—keeps it properly at work, when your system will be free from poison and the whole body invigorated. You get THE BEST BLOOD when your system is in Al condition, and that will only be when the Liver is kept active. Try a Liver Remedy once and note the difference. But take only SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR—it is SIMMONS the difference. Take it in powder or in liquid already prepared, or make a tea of the powder; but take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. You'll find the RED Z on every package. Look for it.

J. H. Zelin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Reed's Future.

Washington, D. C., June 3.—If Speaker Tom B. Reed had not been so naturally indolent and had cared to dabble in the meaner things of life, he might to-day have been a formidable factor in the presidential race. As it is, he hates the little details of the politician.

"I begin to think," he said the other day to a congressman, "that I know nothing of the game of politics."

The question of what the future has now in store for him is one that interests political circles here in Washington. He will not take the vice presidency.

There is talk that he has become weary of public life, and will go to New York to practice law.

With the blood full of humors, the heated term is all the more oppressive. Give the system a thorough cleansing with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and a dose or two of Ayer's Pills, and you will enjoy Summer as never before in your life. Just try this for one, and you'll not repent it.

ARROWS WERE THICK.

Perilous Adventure of a Mail Carrier in the Southwest.

San Francisco Call: Judge Francis Adams, now a San Francisco attorney, was one of the early pioneers of the great West, and few of the old-timers have witnessed more thrilling events than he.

"Perhaps the most narrow escape I ever had," said the judge, a few days ago, in recalling scenes that antedate the gold discovery, "was in an encounter with hostile Indians in the year 1847." And here is the story. It reads like fiction after the lapse of fifty years:

In the above mentioned year Adams, then a boy of 17, was engaged in carrying military mail between El Paso, Texas, and Albuquerque, N. M. The greater portion of the country through which he passed was a desert waste. One piece of the way was particularly dangerous, being in the vicinity of a frequent rendezvous of the Indians, and for the mail carrier's safety and protection a small troop of soldiers was regularly detached from the midway post of Manzana, on the Rio Grande, to meet the mailboy at a certain point of rocks, at which he always halted, and to escort him over that part of the road which was considered unsafe.

The spot in question was generally reached after nightfall. It so happened that the officer in charge of the troop was Sergeant William J. Graves, who afterward became prominent as a lawyer in this State, and who has long since joined the silent majority. Young Graves was of herculean build, brave as a lion and as reckless as he was brave.

Young Adams had on several occasions been hard pressed by savages, but he was well mounted, and his steed had always carried him through unscratched.

No incident worth mentioning had occurred for quite a little period, so that upon one occasion Sergeant Graves felt inclined to take matters rather leisurely. Then, concluding that he would miss the mail carrier if he rode to the point of rocks, the Sergeant resolved to strike ahead and meet Adams on the highway.

As usual, the mail carrier halted. It was after nightfall, but the big silver moon made the night radiant, and objects could be distinguished clearly for a considerable distance.

The horse was allowed to graze about, and Adams sat down to rest. Then he looked toward Manzana for the troopers, but they were nowhere to be seen. Soon the horse pricked up his ears and moved in a frightened way toward its master. Adams knew what that meant, and leading the animal to the cover of some rocks, peered about and discovered that the red skins were quietly closing in on him from all sides.

Delay meant death. Adams put his carbine in order, sprang into his saddle, and, driving his spurs into his horse's side, made a desperate dash for life. The Indians were momentarily disconcerted by the bold movement. Adams used his carbine on the nearest of the enemy, and despite a rain of arrows, plunged through the line.

Just as he thought himself fairly in the race to save his scalp, he saw ahead of him in the pale light another band of Indians that he had not calculated on. He whirled to one side and then a chase against heavy odds began.

For ten miles the painted warriors pursued him, gaining on him every minute.

The arrows pierced his clothing; the Indian yells almost drowned the noise of the hoof beats of his steed. His horse was wounded, but the faithful beast still struggled on. The sixty-four rounds of ammunition carried by the rider was almost exhausted. The horse fell dead.

At this juncture firing was heard afar. The Indians were stayed by sudden terror.

"Frank, Frank! where are you?" came a powerful voice.

"Here!" cried the prisoners. And through the hostile band Graves had burst his way, knocking Indians to the right and to the left. The savages scattered like children before him.

"Quick!" cried Graves leaning far down from his saddle, extending his strong hand and locking it around

the enfeebled hand of young Adams. "Swing up behind."

Adams mounted behind the sergeant. The Indians did not recover from their surprise and shock of the young giant's charge until they were aware of two whites on a single horse riding away in the moonlight at a speed that mocked pursuit—riding away to be joined by the troopers.

SHOT BOTH.

Joseph Ebanks' Confession of His Double Crime.

San Diego, Cal., June 3.—Joseph Ebanks, who is under sentence to be hanged June 19 for the murder of Mrs. Harriet Stiles and her aged father, John D. Borden, near Ocean Side, on September 10 last, has made a full confession of his crime.

He told of his journey down the railway track near the Mussel beds, of his picking up an orange by the wayside and eating it. The fruit made him ill, and spying a tent near the railway he visited it in quest of medicine. Borden and Mrs. Stiles greeted him, and the former promised to wayfarer something to relieve him. The old man observed muzzle of a revolver protruding from a sack carried by Ebanks, and he made a motion as if to secure his own gun. Ebanks immediately surmised that Borden was going to attack him and he blindly fired at the old man, who fell to the ground without a moan.

Mrs. Stiles asked Ebanks why he had shot her father and informed him that Borden was unarmed and had no hostile intentions. Realizing his predicament murderer made Mrs. Stiles kneel and pray, telling her that though life was sweet to both, he preferred liberty to hanging, and so she must die to insure his safety.

"She knelt by the cot," continued Ebanks, "and I wept while she prayed. I told her I did not want to kill her, but it was my only refuge. When she finished praying she arose from her knees and faced me without saying a word. Closing my eyes I shot her. The first bullet did not kill her and I fired a second time. Returning to the railway track I tried to shoot myself but could not pull the trigger, so threw the gun away."

Ebanks says he is ready to hang.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WATSON & TUCKER, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KENNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 3.—The National Brewers' association, at their meeting in this city to-day, voted to contribute \$50,000 toward the alleviation of the St. Louis storm sufferers.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 3.—The Manufacturers' association, at a meeting last night, unanimously adopted a resolution extending sympathy to St. Louis and East St. Louis and offering to join in giving financial aid to the cyclone sufferers of the two cities.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

London, June 3.—Chief Inspector Melville and other officials of Scotland yard fear that another physical force campaign is about to begin in Ireland. Not only have organizers been at work in Ireland and the English provinces, but there are to-day in the United States, it is claimed, over 100,000 men, armed and equipped, waiting for the signal to be given to cross the Atlantic.

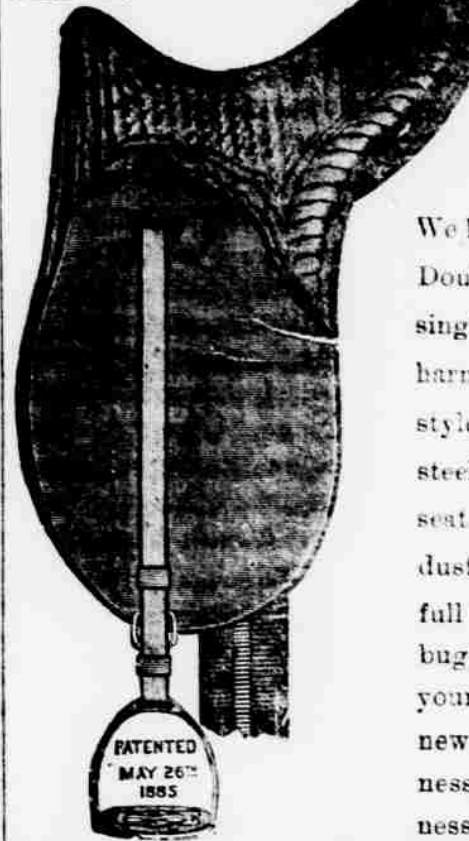
It Goes Without saying

that when you are suffering from catarrh you want relief right away. What is the use then of experimenting with blood "cures" upon a disorder resulting from climatic changes? Use Ely's Cream Balm, which relieves at once the attacks of catarrh and cures chronic cases, 50 cents at all druggists. This remedy can be safely used by all without injurious results. It contains no mercury or injurious drug of any kind.

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RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA IS
S. J. CLARK'S OIL

McFARLAND BROS. Harness and Saddlery.

Finck's Leather Tree Saddle



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Read and See What we Keep in Stock

We keep everything that horse owners need. Double wagon harness from \$10 to \$30. Single harness, \$7.50 to \$25. Second hand harness from \$3 to \$15. Saddles of all styles and prices, from the cheapest to the steel fork cow boy and sole leather spring seat saddles. Lap robes, horse blankets, dusters and fly nets. Harness oil and soap. Full line of mens and boys gloves. Trim buggy tops new and repair old ones. Bring your old harness and saddles and trade for new ones. We have the largest retail harness store in the Southwest and our harness are all made at home.

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The Weekly
St. Louis

Post-Dispatch.

Only 50 Cents a Year,
By Mail, Prepaid.
For The Campaign.
Till Dec. 1st.
Only 25 Cents

Published Every Thursday.

During the past year the conductors of the Post-Dispatch have been many times urged to publish a weekly edition. The requests have come chiefly from farmers, laborers and others, who are not so situated that they can take or read a daily newspaper. Similar requests have come from postmasters, news agents and others who are in close touch with the people.

In compliance with these requests, which seem to indicate a wide-spread popular demand, the publication of THE WEEKLY ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH will be begun on Thursday, May 14.

It will be an eight-page newspaper, consisting almost entirely of reading matter—carrying little or no advertising.

It will be issued once a week (on Thursdays) at the extremely low price of 50 cents a year. As the object of the publication is to furnish a weekly newspaper for the masses of the people, it was deemed preferable to publish a regular one-a-week weekly at half the regular price, rather than a twice-a-week issue at the usual price of \$1 a year.

It will, like the daily Post-Dispatch, be a newspaper for the people, championing Western Men and Measures, and standing for those policies, the success of which is essential to the prosperity of the masses of the people in west and south, and in the country at large. The Post-Dispatch is known as the only metropolitan newspaper that uncompromisingly advocates the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and that steadfastly resists the encroachments of plutocracy and corporation influence in politics. It is also known as the liveliest, most enterprising, most readable and best illustrated newspaper in St. Louis. The qualities that have distinguished the Daily Post-Dispatch will also characterize the WEEKLY POST-DISPATCH. It will be crisp, bright, readable, and well illustrated. In addition to all the news and the cream of public discussion, it will contain the best of the editorial in the Daily Post-Dispatch; short stories; a helpful women's department; gossip about men and women who attain prominence; political cartoons, and plenty of fun and humor. During the campaign it will keep its readers informed on political developments and the progress of events throughout the country.

Subscription price, by mail, prepaid, 50 cents a year. For the campaign, until Dec. 1, 25 cents, or 75 cents to Dec. 1, 1897. In clubs of ten, to one address, \$4 per year. \$2 to Dec. 1. Remit by postal or express money order, or for small amounts under a dollar send two or one-cent postage stamps—never stamps of larger denominations. Don't send checks on local banks.

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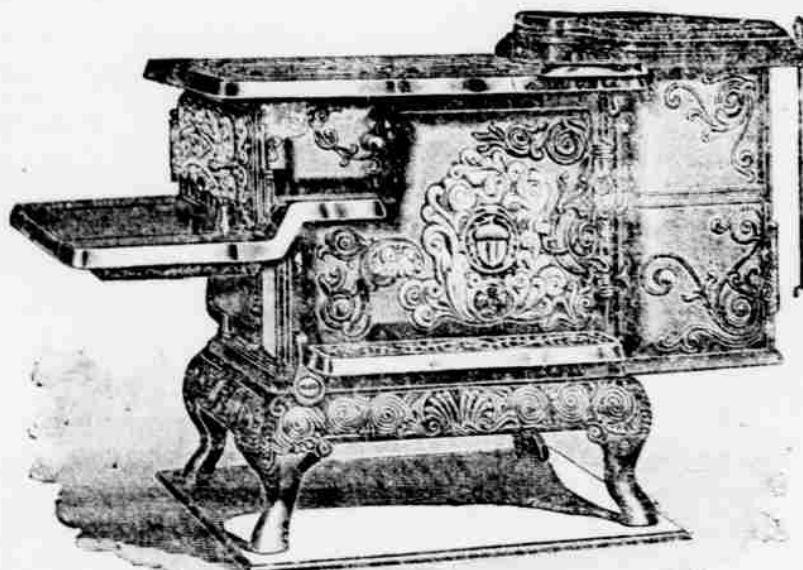
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